The Liberalist

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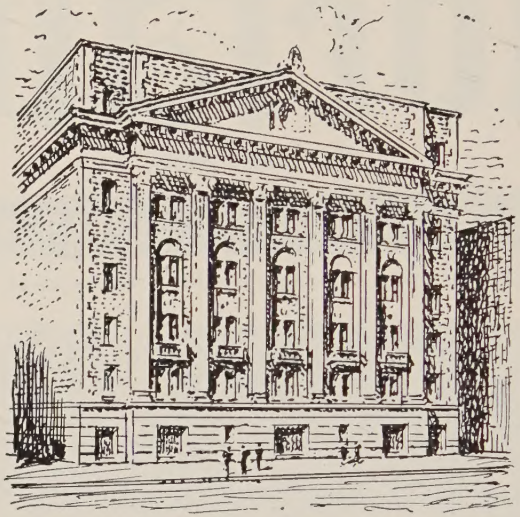
O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,
When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;
When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

Helen Hunt Jackson

(From "My American Heritage" Collection, Henry and Pannell)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

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"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

18 July

DROVE to Oxford again today. —Dr. Donald, Rev. George Grieve, Maurice Pocock and myself. Dr. Donald had never visited Oxford. He was overjoyed at the opportunity. We had dinner at the ancient Mitre Hotel in Oxford, tea with Principal and Mrs. Spencer and a visit to Blenheim Palace, the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill. We stood in the room in which he was born. His baby pictures were on the dresser. A lock of his hair, removed when his childhood curls were cut off, placed under glass in a frame, was hanging in the room. Little did that room realize that a man of destiny was born there!

The palace is still the home of the Duke of Marlborough. The fields where Churchill played as a boy and the pond in which he nearly drowned are as they were in his childhood. I wonder what he thinks about when he goes back for a visit.

Back to London in the late evening, meeting all the traffic of the world's largest city! What an experience, and in a tiny car, which is the most practical and sensible size of automobile for these roads and conditions. As I drive about Europe I marvel at the stupidity of Americans, bringing their large American cars to Europe and Great Britain. I have been on English, Scottish and Irish roads where they would be dangerous and difficult to drive. If you only want to travel on the main highways, go where everyone else does, see what everyone else sees, perhaps it makes sense, but if you really want to see Europe and Great Britain and Ireland, don't try it in a large American car. The small foreign cars are infinitely more practical, reasonable and sensible.

19 July

No one ever ought to visit London without going to the House of Commons. We had a busy day; visited St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. Started Evensong at St. Paul's, hurried down to the Abbey and attended the closing of the Evensong Service there. I suppose this was never done before and only an American would attempt it! I am a little ashamed of it myself, but we are on a fairly tight schedule. The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Don, who had such a prominent part in the coronation of Elizabeth II, conducted the service. If you saw the Rauk production of the Coronation you will recall him, also the lame Bishop who is the Sacristan of the Abbey. I remembered them both most vividly. After the Evensong we saw them for a few minutes near the tomb of Britain's Unknown Soldier in the nave of the Abbey.

This afternoon, through the kindness of Mr. R. W. Sorrensen, M. P. and a Unitarian minister we were able to secure tickets for the visitor's gallery in the House of Commons. Mr. Sorrensen has been a member for many years and is highly respected in the House.

We listened to the debates—watched the proceedings with great interest. Then Mr. Sorrensen took us personally around Westminster. We saw the great Westminster Hall where rested the body of King George VI and which is used for important empire gatherings. We saw the chapel where the rites of marriage and baptism can be conferred on members only. Then to the famous Terrace of the House

overlooking the historic Thames River; then to the House of Lords, which was in session and where tradition is never violated. But the climax came when we were invited by Mr. Sorrensen to have dinner in the House of Commons Dining Room — a rare experience for an American.

Before dinner we met Mr. Clement Attlee, the former Prime Minister of Great Britain. We had a long visit with him. You will probably hear more about this meeting during the winter. The Rev. John Kielty and Mrs. Kielty joined us for dinner. Went back to the hotel filled with all the day had brought.

20 July

Visited 15 Gordon Square this morning, the headquarters for the Unitarian and Free Churches of Great Britain. I went principally to see my old friend, Dr. Mortimer Rowe, who has been a long time leader in British liberal religious thinking. He is an author, anthologist, theologian and minister and was one of the first British ministers I met when I first came to England forty years ago. His daughter, Frances Rowe, was the leading woman for Maurice Evans and, when they were playing in Chicago, attended our church. She is now living in London and playing there in television and the theatre. Her husband is one of England's best known TV actors. I had a fine visit with Dr. Rowe and was happy to see how kind the years are to him. He is looking forward to the rebuilding of Essex Hall in the Strand, which was the headquarters for British Unitarianism before it was completely destroyed by bombs in World War II. A building fund is now being raised to re-build on the historic spot in the heart of London, not far from the famous St. Clemens Church.

London is the most fascinating city in Europe and I always leave it reluctantly. Took a sleeper tonight for Newcastle-upon-Tyne in northern England. I wanted to make the long journey by daylight, but again that old demon "time" said "No!" Left in a very comfortable Pullman car. The English roadbeds are smooth and the trains fast, so I anticipate a restful night. The lights of London are fading and we will soon be in the countryside.

21 July

I came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne because I wanted to see the members of dear Herbert Barnes' family. Mr. Barnes, for years the beloved minister of the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle, was my dearest and oldest British friend. He was born in County Down in Ireland but spent most of his life in England. I preached for him on my first visit to England and have preached for him every summer since. After his resignation because of ill health his successor, the Rev. Coram Davies, invited me to his pulpit. Mr. Davies is continuing the work with unusual acceptance and success. I wrote him I would be in Newcastle tonight. Imagine my disappointment when I learned I could be in Newcastle only until 2:30 p.m., for I have boat connections to make in Glasgow tonight for Belfast, where I am due tomorrow. Mr. Davies was not aware of this and his congregation had prepared a reception and tea for me with over 200 acceptances. It was impossible for me to remain. I did have lunch at the Station Hotel with Rev. Davies. He was most gracious and understanding about the matter. This has been the only hitch in a fairly close schedule which has happened thus far. It was my fault for I rather took it for granted that I could leave Newcastle late at night and make my connections for the Belfast boat. I am

going back to Newcastle and spend a Sunday in Herbert Barnes' pulpit. The last time I preached there a year ago, he was in the congregation. He passed on last Fall. He was one of the greatest men I have ever known. He left three fine children: Henry, a successful doctor: Abner, a rising young lawyer and Mary, married to a fine man, and a home maker, like her beautiful mother whom I knew. I left Newcastle with a heavy heart, caught the S. S. "Royal Scotsman" at Glasgow and after an interesting trip down the Clyde River, famous for its ship-building yards, sailed out onto the Irish Sea bound for Ireland — the little island I love.

22 July

I was up early and on deck to see the beauty of Belfast Loch—our steamer slowly glided alongside the Belfast pier. No sooner was the gangplank out than I saw the Rev. Dr. John McLachlan coming aboard. He soon located me and gave me a real Irish welcome. Dr. Donad and I were invited to his attractive residence for breakfast. What a happy breakfast it was! Mrs. McLachlan is the daughter of the great preacher, Dr. Alfred Hall, whom I have known for many years. The McLachlan's have three unusual children: Peter, the eldest, will enter Christ Church College, Oxford, this Fall on a scholarship. He was in the choir at Manchester College, Oxford, when I preached last Sunday. Richard and Jane are two of the most unusual children I have ever seen. It was most pleasant meeting this fine family again. The Aunt who makes her home with the family is a devoted member of the family. About noon we were pleasantly located in one of my favorite hotels—the friendly, spacious Grand Central Hotel.

This evening, the opening dinner to the secretariat and visitors to the XVth Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom, which officially opens tomorrow, was a very interesting one. I was honored by being invited to this dinner, and giving an address. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the entire conference. The Rt. Rev. John Radcliffe, Moderator of the Antrim Presbytery of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland, was the toastmaster. The Rev. Dr. Arthur L. Agnew, O.B.E., Minister of All Souls' Church, Belfast, the host Church of the Congress, made a most witty and effective address. Dr. Faber, a member of the secretariat from Holland, spoke for the Dutch delegation. Percival F. Brundage, of Boston, spoke for the American delegation, and as President of the International Association. Mr. R. Wilkinson, M.B.E., of Belfast, who is responsible for much of the detail arrangements of the Congress was justly honored for the efficiency of his work. But for me, the highlight of the evening was the address made by the Rev. Dr. Frazer-Hurst, for many years the revered minister of one of the largest Presbyterian Churches in all Ireland. As a scholar, preacher and minister he is one of the finest I have met. He is a liberal in the finest conception of that much abused word. His expressive countenance reveals the nobility of his thinking and the tranquility of his inmost being. He has preached in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York and other great churches in the United States and Canada. He has retired from his pulpit but is in great demand for lectures and sermons. I had heard of him many times but he was never in Belfast when I was here. Fortunate I am to have met him at last. Immediately after the dinner we met and a friendship started which I know will be a blessing to me.

Tomorrow the Congress officially opens. I have attended the Congress meetings through the years, beginning with the great Congress in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Amsterdam and Oxford. In recent years the Congress programs have stressed the theological themes which have bordered on the conservative rather than the liberal. I hope this Congress will be a pacemaker and not merely reiterate well established liberal thinking. It ought to present some pioneer and adventuresome thinking. I am a little dubious of European liberal theology. Most of it is about 50 years behind modern thought. Just as our orthodox friends have their neo-orthodoxy in Niebuhr, Barth and Brymer, so the liberal brethren have their neo-orthodoxy as well. We need some truly fundamental thinking. Well, we shall see. It's good to be in Belfast tonight.

23 July

I do not expect to see much of my old friends—the Agnew's and the McCleery's—this year as they will both be busy with the Congress. I almost regret that my Belfast visit coincides with the Congress, as one of the happiest weeks of the summer to me is my Belfast visit with old and dear friends; yet this morning the Rev. John McCleery, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry, came to the hotel and took Dr. Donald and me on a most pleasant auto ride around the environs of Belfast. We had an interesting luncheon at a surprisingly modern roadside eating place called "Pig 'n Whistle." I enjoyed renewing my friendship with Mr. McCleery. He is a graduate of Meadville Theological School, University of Chicago, and during the year he was a student was often in our church and home. He is having a very successful ministry in a beautiful suburb of Belfast. The Manse in which he lives with his charming wife, Doris, and two lovely daughters and his wife's sister, is one of the most delightful of homes. It is surrounded with a beautiful garden.

The XVth Annual Congress opened this morning in All Souls' Church. About 300 delegates are in attendance from all over Europe, England, Ireland and the United States. Rev. Dr. F. Buri, of Switzerland, addressed the Theological Session this morning with mixed reception. It was fortunate that Dr. Davies, Professor of Theology in Belfast, was present. He completely and satisfactorily, to at least one listener, demolished Prof. Buri's thesis. Prof. Buri's address was a vivid example of the fuzzy thinking of many European theologians. Much of this thinking seems authentic because of the scholastic phraseology in which it is presented. It sounds impressive and means nothing. I should hesitate to use it on a congregation of people in the midst of the problems and heartaches of life. "They asked for bread and you gave them a stone."

Tonight the Congress met in a really inspiring session. The Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, J.P., D.L., M.P., of England and former Home Secretary, took the chair. The Rev. Dr. Agnew presented the Lord Mayor of Belfast, who graciously received and welcomed the Congress. Mr. Percival F. Brundage, the President, from Boston and Washington, made a most felicitous response. Then came the masterly and impressively profound address of Mr. Ede's on "A Philosophy of Freedom." I wish I had every word of it. It was a perfect frame for the excellent address which followed. In a most appropriate presentation, which the English do better than anyone else, Mr. Ede introduced the Rev. Dr. Frederick M. Eliot, of Boston, President of the American Unitarian Association, who gave one of the finest addresses I have

ever heard on "The Struggle for Personality in a Mechanized World." The great congregation, of more than 600, which packed All Souls' Church gave him a great ovation. The Americans present were all proud of Dr. Eliot. I am honored with his friendship. Perhaps you may recall he preached my 40th Anniversary Sermon in the Peoples Church. Each of the several times he has been in our pulpit can be recalled vividly. May he live long to carry high the torch of liberal religion, freedom of thinking and the brotherhood of all men!

24 July

Preached twice today! This morning in the First Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry, where the Rev. Mr. McCleery is the minister, and tonight in the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, where the Rev. Dr. John McLachlan is the minister. The joy of coming back to these Irish pulpits is the renewal of friendships I have made through the years. There were excellent congregations in both churches. It was good to greet old friends again. Tonight in the congregation was the Rev. Rossington, who had been minister of the church for many years and is now retired. It was pleasant to see him again for in 1925 he preached for me in the Peoples Church when he was making an American tour. At that time he was a guest in our home when we lived on Eastwood Avenue. Oh, those faraway years! He appeared hale and hearty. I hope to see more of him during the Congress. He is a fine scholar and an effective minister. The Rev. Mr. McCleery took the entire morning service and the Rev. Dr. McLachan the evening service. I am always impressed with the dignified, worship-

(*Continued on page* 12)

44TH ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

November 16 and 17

In just 8 weeks the Bazaar will be upon us.

Are you ready with your contribution?

See your Club President or the Church Office for suggestions as to what you can do to help make this Bazaar a great success.

Everything salable is acceptable. Ask your favorite store for a contribution. Make a contribution yourself.

There will be booths for Kitchenware—Food—Canned Goods—Candy—Linens —Jewelry —Women's Accessories — Men's Accessories — Books—Cameras—Toys—Radios—TV Sets—Quilts—Towels—Rugs—White Elephants. And there will be prizes to be won.

Bring your gifts to the Church Office. If you cannot deliver them, telephone the Church Office, LOngbeach 1-6878. For further information 'phone the General Chairman of the Bazaar, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the great advantages and one of the great opportunities which come from a long life of activity is the privilege which one has of making contrasts as the years move on. I'm thinking about the changes which have come to our church, to myself, to our country, to our world down through the years!

It is forty years now since the tragic beginning of the First World War! Then came the exaltation on the mountain peak of peace, when that war was finished. Then was coined the phrase that was written in the hearts of men who saw Vimy Ridge and Chateau-Thierry and the other tragic areas of the world. Mr. Wells told us during that war that "Civilization is a race between catastrophe and education!" And he was right.

This world for forty long years has been laboring under the delusion that we can settle the problems of civilization through the brutality of physical strength! That is history's lie. It shines from every page of human history, and the tragedies of forty years are now affirming the falsity that this tortured, stricken, bewildered, tired, sick, hectic, confused world can settle its problems by the horror and uselessness of killing its "big" men. That is always the tragedy of war. Sometimes one almost wishes war might take only the imperfect and emotionally distorted, but war never wants the imperfect.

One can give no finer tribute to those who have died in war's futility than the tribute of reconsecration and rededication of our own lives that, at all costs and hazards, we will stand always for this world finding a better and a more lasting way.

Let us pray that we shall never be deceived or off-centered again by the lust for power, by the devastating pride of the human heart. Since hundreds of thousands died to make the world "safe for democracy" this world has never been safe for democracy. Democracy is under attack everywhere in the world today.

Let us work and pray and educate that some day there will come world leadership, and some day there will be a true renaissance of understanding true values and civilization! Some day, out of China, Russia, Czechoslovakia, or out of Yugoslavia or Poland; out of France or Germany; out of Holland, Italy; out of Canada or the United States or South America—some day the dream for which our finest have died will come true! Some day!

"GETTING RID OF YOURSELF"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

SOME time ago, a woman whose life was in great turmoil and who was experiencing a great many difficulties, surrounded by misunderstandings and criticisms and obstacles, talked to me at length. I tried, as best I could, to get, in detail, as many of the contributing factors that I could summon as being the direct causes of her consternation and her confusion but, in a way, she answered one of them herself. For after she had recited all of this series of difficulties in which she was enmeshed, she said to me: "Dr. Bradley, I wish that I could get rid of myself!" Now she put her finger upon the very key of her problem, and the problem of everyone else in confusion and turmoil about living life triumphantly and buoyantly and victoriously.

Did you ever come to the point, in a depreciation of your own values, where you felt, fundamentally and deeply, that you were standing in your own light—that not society, not the church, not the school, not the nation, not external conditions were responsible for your own inner conflict and turmoil, but that you had a definite responsibility yourself—and you had an awakening which was almost an illumination that you were your own worst enemy? That it wasn't any of these extraneous factors at all that were responsible mostly for your own inner condition? *That* is the beginning of recovery. When an individual is so aware of their own contribution, as an individual, to the turmoil that surrounds them or in which they are involved, that is the first step toward recovery! When you *know* what you are, and the kind of a person you are, and the kind of thinking that you permit yourself to be engaged in, and the kind of emphasis that you give to your life—when you awaken to the fact that *they* are the contributing factors to your own inner turmoil—*then* you are on the way to a solution and to a recovery!

The tragedy is that very few of us are so constituted that with integrity and honesty we will acknowledge that! No one enjoys self-criticism, in fact we don't enjoy any kind of criticism—I don't enjoy it! None of us like to be criticized or condemned or evaluated all the time! We all are, but we don't enjoy it. But what about the evaluation which we give to ourselves? How often do we weigh and consider our own *personal* contribution to this irritating personality that sometimes annoys us so much that we wish we could get rid of it? I hear people frequently say: "Well, I wish I could get rid of myself! I wish I could be different than I am!" And they're not being fundamental about the approach at all!

I remember there came into my hands not too long ago a pamphlet from a school—I forget what the name of the school itself was, but it was one of these Charm Schools. I don't know whether any men will know what a "charm school" is or not, but I assume that women do. Well, this was a "charm school," and they were going to remake your personality all over! "You aren't wearing your hair right!

There's something the matter with the contour or"—I don't know what it is, I'm not an authority on that, but "you don't wear the right color combinations, you don't *vibrate* color harmony." That was one of the phrases in this little pamphlet that they got out for this "charm school"! And there was even one sentence in it that said: "You don't use the right kind of perfume! It doesn't *fit* your personality." And the whole rigmarole was a presentation and an appeal to people disgruntled with themselves! And they said: "You ought to wear a different style hat and different style clothes and different colors" and all this business—"charm school"! And then what do you suppose it concluded with, in appealing to the idea that you can do something with the personality by merely external appeals. "One hour a day"—now listen to this, it's so profound—"one hour a day stand in front of a mirror and look at yourself!" For one hour a day! Why, some of us can't stand it for one minute! But for one hour a day stand in front of a mirror! Oh, you haven't heard it all yet! And then it said: "And repeat, softly and with a well-modulated voice, your name, over and over and over again. And by standing in front of the mirror and looking at yourself and repeating your name over and over and over again you will develop charm." Did you ever hear such nonsense? And yet it must work, because the folks who are advertising this idea are making millions and millions of dollars!

Most everybody I know wants to have "charm"! Charm! Why most of us *live* as though we were in a room in which every time we looked we saw ourselves in the mirror of life! And we have ourselves on our hands all the time! And there is no "magic technique" or "school of charm" or anything else that is really basic in meeting the problem of ourselves! It is only when we begin to smash the mirrors that surround us and let the light in that our mirrors become windows! The thing that makes personality is not self-pride and self-emulation, not even self-criticism from the mirror! It's when the mirror becomes a window and we look out *from* ourselves and not *at* ourselves that people develop the creative personalities! *That* is the secret of it!

Now we're all divided into two classes when it comes to this question of personality and how to "get rid of ourselves"! The first class is designated by the psychiatrists and the students of these matters as the extrovert, the individual who doesn't have very much time for self-consideration because he is constantly engaged in the greater external activities of life. They are the extroverts, who are always the life of the party. Whenever you go anywhere and there is always one who is the life of the party, that person is an extrovert. They are always full of vitality; they are always the one with the funniest, and the oldest, jokes; they are always the ones who create the most furor on an entrance and have the most interest on their exit; they are always the ones who emanate possessiveness, and they will take possession of every circumstance and every experience; they are wholly objective; they are the people who are *always* active. When you find an unusually active person, you will always find an extrovert. And they are usually a sort of a loud type, and they are all the time expressing themselves in a very overpowering manner. And they have the faculty of subduing people so that when you get into their presence you feel "infinitesimal" and sort of just shrink! Extrovert people always "shrink" other people — that isn't

good, and it isn't fair! The *real* personality is the personality who doesn't diminish another, but is sufficiently stimulating so they will help the other one to be self-expressive too! Therefore, they are never possessive. And the extrovert-type of people, and you all know them, are a definite classification. Now it's interesting to observe that the extroverts are not creative. There has never been an intense extrovert who ever wrote a great poem; who ever painted a great picture; who ever wrote a great piece of music, or ever contributed to the creative qualities of beautiful living to that extent of creativeness! He is so busy about being busy that he doesn't have time to be creative! He is anchored to programs and methods! He will outline for you a plan and a program for your life or for your business or for your church with an uncanny brilliance!

Now what is the introvert?—the other extreme! The introvert is the person who is so self-conscious that his own self-consciousness indicates the opposite of an inferiority complex! It is the extrovert who has the inferiority complex, not the introvert! And there are a great many people who do not appreciate that fact. Now, the introvert is the person who withdraws within his own shell and does not respond to all of the externalisms that command the attention of the extrovert! These two types are both extremes and, like all extremes, are unnatural! Nature abhors a vacuum, and nature is in conspiracy against extremes! The greatest word in nature is "moderation" not "extremity"! And the personality who finds himself completely possessed by the extremes of the extrovert or the extremes of the introvert is in trouble, for the extremes of both are irritating and ought to be avoided! Therefore, there must be a happy medium for a human personality, one who can possess and embrace the finest of the qualities of the extrovert—and there are many fine qualities—one who can embrace the virtues and qualities of the one who is inside himself, the introvert, and there are many such qualities!

Now then, if we can see ourselves with such realism that we can select the best of these *extreme* qualities and make them operative in our own life and in our own personality, we get an entirely new sense of values! The extrovert is usually egocentric; the introvert is usually self-depressive! The *ideal* personality is one who has developed a certain fundamental concept of the ego. We *ought* to think more highly of ourselves than we do, and there isn't a single thing wrong about an individual creating self-respect so that he can honestly and creatively be *proud of himself!* That is not a blind egotism—that is *honoring* the dignity of being a human personality! And one of the first principles is to have a sense of values in which your own self-respect is involved! For until you respect yourself, no one else may be expected to do so. And if we live life in terms of those values we develop an integrated personality, and an integrated personality is *always* the highest ideal toward which any of us ought to turn and strive to achieve!

Now, how can we find this happy medium of life between these two extremes? First, by putting into proper perspective the fact that it is fundamental for each of us to want to feel that we are important to someone! There is a deep, hidden hunger to be appreciated, to be important to somebody, to have somebody care—that is one of the fundamental imperatives of life, and when one comes to the point

where one feels that nobody cares and we are not wanted and we're not important, *then* the trouble begins! And that is one of the first things to straighten out. See to it that you are living the kind of life that *means* something to somebody, so that somewhere some heart looks to you and says: "I need them! They're a part of my life!" *That* will help create for you a personality, and an awareness that there are possibilities within you of which you never dreamed. If I could only awaken in the heart of some young person here this morning a sense of a possibility for life that they've never dreamed was latent within them—and all of us have potentialities that we do not dream we possess! There isn't a person in the congregation who isn't a greater person in reality than he, himself, recognizes! And there isn't one of us who couldn't be doing more than we're doing; for the potentiality is within us, and to find *that* is to find the key that unlocks the beauty of an integrated life! Christ found it. He is the perfect example of one who was the best of the extroverts; the most beautiful example of one who turned the spiritual light upon himself. *He* stands the perfect personality! Let us, from Him learn the secret!

Along The Way

(*Continued from page* 7)

ful manner of these men on this side of the Atlantic. They, together with the always appropriate music and anthems, build a service of unity and beauty. I had a most inspiring day.

25 July

The highlight of this day was the visit Dr. Donald and I made tonight as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frazer-Hurst in their delightful home in one of Belfast's most picturesque neighborhoods. I wish I could record every word spoken during the evening by Dr. Frazer-Hurst. Hearing him read to us a famous sermon of his on "Some Reasons For Going to Hell" is an experience of a lifetime! I am bringing back to America some of his manuscripts of the "Conversational Sermons" which created a sensation in his Belfast Church when they were given on Sunday evenings some years ago. I am going to try and interest some American Publisher in his material. His book would be a sensation in America and be welcomed by every Liberal pulpit in the land. What a great man he is and like all of the truly great, he is as humble as a saint. His delightful companion of many years is a perfect complement to his life. I have seldom been in a home of more cultural, spiritual and yet more delightfully human an environment. We tarried until nearly midnight. We were reluctant to leave. Mrs. Frazer-Hurst's excellent refreshments added to the pleasant evening, as did the presence of the Rev. Mr. Brown, another Presbyterian clergyman, who is soon to make an American and Canadian tour. Meeting the Frazer-

Hursts has been worth the whole summer's trip. God bless and keep them both for many years!

26 July

I spent the entire day on the Antrim Coast Road—one of the most picturesque roads in all the world. Stopped at Garrick Fergus Castle and saw the stone on which King William stepped when he landed in Ireland. Luncheon at the lovely Inn in Cushenden, situated on a rocky ledge just a few feet from the sea. Then the winding, narrow road up Glen Dun, to see my friends, the McCormick family. They have a small farm in the Glen. A typical Irish home—whitewashed walls, dirt floor, fireplace, where a peat fire is always burning and on which Mrs. McCormick cooks all the meals. On arrival at the farm we were told that Mr. McCormick and his two fine sons were "making hay" farther up the Glen. There we found them, one son on the haystack, father and the other son pitching forkfuls of hay, just as I often saw being done in my own youth on a Michigan farm. Francis, one of the sons, was wearing a wide American straw hat. We had an interesting visit in the hayfield, took some pictures and went back to the farmhouse, where Mrs. McCormick and her daughter, who is a teacher, had prepared an incomparable Irish tea. Soda bread, cold chicken, a delicious salad, and the finest cup of tea I ever tasted. There is no better cup of tea made anywhere than you will get in Ireland. We had a most refreshing visit with the McCormick family and I cherish my friendship with them. Nestled in the barren hills, their lovely home facing the gently flowing Dun River, it is one of my favorite Irish spots. I want to go back some day. The ride back to Belfast along the rocky Antrim coast, as the shadows of night were lengthening, and with the inspiration of understanding companions, made this day memorable.

27 July

We had Dr. and Mrs. John McLachlan, their two children, Richard and Jane, and Mrs. McLachlan's sister, together with Dr. Miloslav Kanak, of Prague, Czechoslovakia, to lunch today at the Grand Central. Dr. Kanak is the only delegate from behind the Iron Curtain attending the Congress and I was anxious to meet him. We have many mutual friends in the free religious movement. I was desirous of knowing as much as possible about the situation in Czechoslovakia. You will be hearing from me about my reactions later. Dr. Kanak is Professor of Church History on the Jan Huss Theological Faculty in Prague. A quiet, refined, scholarly man, with a sad face, and I am sure possessing a deep spiritual sensitivity. I learned much from him. He was the house guest of the McLachlan's while in Belfast.

28 July

After a busy day in Belfast, we had dinner tonight in one of Ireland's most famous and historic old inns—Crawford's Burn, situated a few miles from the city. I never miss visiting Crawford's Burn, a place of sacred memories for me! Sharing the quiet beauty and good conversation on this evening was Dr. Donald and two very dear Irish friends—Mr. George B. Horscroft and the lovely young lady, Meta, to whom he is engaged. The old inn is typically Irish in its architecture and is surrounded by a well-kept garden of friendly flowers and shrubs. It was one of those evenings which one wished would never end. June loves this old inn, too, and as we left, when the night hung up her curtains of darkness, I hoped that next year we could both share this beauty of nature together again.

BOOK CHATS

PARENTS everywhere should be interested in the controversy now raging on reading as taught to "Johnny." Rudolf Flesch, a Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University's Teachers College and author of many books on writing, has written *Why Johnny Can't Read,* and Harper and Brothers are the publishers. The book has been angrily attacked by school teachers and angrily defended by aroused parents. The book has been on best-seller lists week after week, has been syndicated in newspapers across the country, and has been the cause of a host of articles in national magazines.

Another recently published controversial book is *The Diminished Mind,* by Mortimer Smith.

In the *Saturday Review* of July 30th, under "Education," there is an article entitled "Teaching Johnny to Read." The Editor calls attention to the June 25th *Saturday Review* in which there was an objective summary and two opposing reviews of *The Diminished Mind;* in the July 30th *Review* there is a very objective summary and two opposing opinions of *Why Johnny Can't Read.* William Morris takes the affirmative side in the debate. He is not only an "aroused parent," but is the editor-in-chief of a leading publishing house, the editor of a dictionary, and the author of a nationally syndicated newspaper column called "Words, Wit and Wisdom." Emmett Albert Betts, professor of psychology at Temple University and director of the Betts Reading Clinic in Haverford, Pa., has written the review which opposes the book.

In Sept. 11, 1954 *Saturday Review,* in an article "The ABCs of the Battle Over the Three Rs," methods which are currently being used to teach reading in American schools were described.

Mr. William Morris, in his article acclaiming the book *Why Johnny Can't Read,* claims that "If enough American parents read and follow the precepts that Mr. Flesch so effectively sets forth" in this book, *Why Johnny Can't Read* "it may well be ranked the most important contribution to the betterment of public school teaching methods in the past two decades. Hundreds of thousands of parents, inarticulate in the face of the pompous and condescending 'explanations' of the educators, have at last found a highly articulate and very well-informed spokesman. The sparks have begun to fly, and unless I miss my guess the results will be beneficial to every educator, pupil, and parent of every pupil."

In Mr. Betts' article against the book he states: "Unfortunately, Mr. Flesch fails to mention even one limitation of his simple formula for teaching reading or, for that matter, for teaching word perception. For example, he does not tell his reader how many beginners will be confused by his natural method. He does not tell how many word callers, or word-by-word readers, he will produce. He merely states that after many months of drill on words in isolation Johnny can pick up anything and read it."

It would seem to me that if there is a possibility that parents can learn through the book *Why Johnny Can't Read,* some way of helping their children to learn to read better than they read now, it would be worth while to get this book and study it carefully. I

have not read the book, but am told that it is one book which dramatically explodes the popular misconception that books which deal with the subject of education are all dull, though well-meaning.

I have heard groups of adults read and have noted that the older members of the group read better as a whole than the younger members. Whether that means that the older ones had better training in their youth, I do not know. By whatever method a child learns to read the line "I like to go to the park," once he has learned to know what he has said and what the line means, it would then seem to me that a competent teacher would be interested in seeing that he put really live expression into the sentence, and that by drilling a time or two this might be accomplished. It is a total lack of expression which I have noticed by the poor readers in an adult group. Does this faculty have to be taught by a School of Expression? Does it not come under the subject of Reading? Which leads me to wonder if all the poor readers I have met could have come from a class taught by an uninterested teacher. Are there any such? Is some of the fault the teacher's, or the proper selection of teachers? Or is there such a shortage of teachers that there cannot be a too-rigid selection? If politics could enter into teacher-selection, that also might affect the too-rigid selection. However, this may be getting into too deep water. At least Mr. Flesch's book covers a very large and important phase of this question of *Why Johnny Can't Read*. Parents would do well to get the book and read it, as well as the controversy as covered in the literary magazine *Saturday Review* of July 20th. The book price is $3 and the magazine costs 20c.

* * *

The Beacon Press, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass., has been advertising a summer special sale in which some of our readers might be interested. Looking down the list I noted "Albert Schweitzer: A Vindication by George Seaver. 'A well-known student of Schweitzer answers in detail the criticism which John Middleton Murray leveled at Schweitzer . . . Seaver's reply is concise and well-documented.'—Religious Book Club Bulletin. Published at $2. Sale Price $1.

"Abraham Lincoln's Autobiography. Edited by Robert Richardson. Beautifully printed on oversize pages and illustrated; facsimile of Lincoln's Autobiography of 1859. With additional relevant letters and materials. Published at $3. Sale Price $1.98.

"Abraham Lincoln and the Spiritual Life, by T. V. Smith. Lincoln seen as a secular saint . . . a very stimulating study; lively, learned, provocative sidelight on our 16th President. Pocket-size. Published at $1.75. Sale $1."

The Beacon Press gives a list of 57 books. Why not send for a list?

* * *

Grandfather Stories by Samuel Hopkins Adams is a good book to have on the library table for those moments when one doesn't wish to become involved in a full-length novel or story. One of America's best-loved authors re-creates in this book, with captivating charm, the wonder of growing up in Upstate New York in the 1880's. Samuel Hopkins Adams is the author of *Canal Town* and *Sunrise to Sunset*. His writing career spans many years and more than forty books, as well as numerous magazine articles and motion pictures. His first regional love is upper New York State and he writes about it with endearing fidelity to historical fact and folklore. In summer he resides at the family's summer home on Owasco Lake near Auburn, N.Y.,

and in winter in Beaufort, South Carolina. He loves people and wherever he goes there is much laughter and good companionship. That he loves to write is borne out by this quote from Peggy Wood: "He breakfasts at 8, gets to his desk to write at 8:30 and stays at that desk until 12:30. Not only humans may not disturb him; the elements themselves are not allowed to interfere. Indeed, a few years ago, at a time when he and his wife Jane had rented a house in South Carolina for the winter, Mrs. Adams called a friend one morning to say that she—Mrs. Adams—was telephoning from a tree.

"From a *what?*" gasped the friend.

"A tree," replied Mrs. Adams. "Our house burned to the ground this morning, and the only thing we could drag out in time was the telephone. My kind neighbor has hauled it to safety and hung it and the wires on a tree."

"Neighbor?" asked the friend. "Where was Sam?"

"Oh, he's gone next door to write. He hadn't fininshed his stint when the fire broke out . . ."

Grandfather Stories is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. These stories are anecdotes of the days of the old Erie Canal and range from lusty tales of the "canawlers" to the gracious, leisured living of Rochester's Third Ward. In these stories you will meet literary lights and charlatans; roustabouts and body-snatchers; members of the Underground Railroad, and daring performers like Sam Patch.

Squire Adams himself somehow dominates every page, and when you have finished laughing you will be amazed to learn that you have absorbed an enormous amount of social history along the way—as, for instance, how Mrs. Montague's rising temper at bending over the washtub to keep her husband in clean shirts resulted in her designing the separate collar. Not only did her husband go into the collar business but so did several others, among them the ex-Reverend Ebenezer Brown, a Methodist parson turned storekeeper. Mr. Brown offered to take into partnership one of his clerks, George Jones. George came from Vermont, was restless, and decided to set up a printery in New York. All thought him a fool. The paltry printery he set up became the New York Times.

You will enjoy these stories of a grandfather's grandfather.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

FOR a very, very long time I have wanted to write what I am about to write. I suppose it will be considered strictly for the women, although I do believe the men will appreciate my point of view. The other morning, when riding to work in the Clark Street car, I counted six Babushkas in the car. I got to noticing each one very minutely and took out a notebook and drew a picture of each one. I do wish, though I am not an artist, that I could copy for you here what I drew

in that notebook. Those drawings are more eloquent than any words of mine could ever be. One was on the head of a fairly stout person, the top was quite wide and then it flowed out broadly around her shoulders. Another was a skimpy little affair, folded so there were two points at the back, one at the base of the head and one just a few inches lower. One's first thought was, "Well, she didn't pay as much for hers." The next was a most indiscriminate affair. It had a very long and narrow appearance, pulled so that it did not curve in at the head or neck, merely an oblong which ended in a point seven inches below the neckline (or where one supposed the neckline would be). One had a little skirt of about three inches depth across the shoulders, no point, and was all broad looking. Another was crushed up tight around the neck and flopped loosely about the head and ears. Still another, and this one though a cloth of beautiful design and the most sophisticated of them all, was also the ugliest. The girl or woman as the case might be (how could one tell from the back?) had very heavily padded shoulders in her coat, very flat, straight, broad shouders. The point of her Babushka went in a very clear-cut line to within two or three inches of her waistline. From there it went up to where it curved around the ears and on up to the top of the head, something like a balloon with a pointed tail. The Babushka was so incongruous with the stylish looking street suit that it was in outstandingly poor taste.

Now, then, where is this all leading me to? Well, probably I'm getting myself into deep water. Those who wear Babushkas will be saying various things, such as: "I wear one because when I'm in a hurry to run to the store I don't have to bother how my hair looks. It is all covered up except a tiny bit over my forehead." Another may say "My head gets so cold and in winter the Babushka keeps it warm." That last isn't true, for in a weak moment I tried it once and nearly froze the top of my head, just to prove a point. Still another, "Oh, the designs are so pretty, I buy them for the pretty scarf itself." Or a mother may say: "It is less expensive and less trouble than picking out a hat for my little girl."

I saw a little girl the other day who looked positively grotesque in her Babushka. A dear little slender bit of femininity, tiny, spindly legs, short skirted dress, and then — horrors! Instead of seeing a pert little head with neatly combed hair atop that dainty picture—a heavy solid white Babushka covering neck and head, as though a field-working peasant woman's head and shoulders had been stuck on a dainty little girl body. Grotesque is the word.

So by now you see that I do not like Babushkas. I once read somewhere that if a woman wanted to be glamorous she should always leave the house as carefully groomed as though she were about to meet "her best beau." Pretty good advice to remember I'm sure.

A well turned head is always interesting, but few heads can stand the ugliness of a shawl effect, even though the shawl have spangles. It has been such a relief this summer, to see hatless women with their pretty haircuts and well groomed heads. I dread the return of fall and the Babushka.

The importance of the hat is in its line, and there is nothing important about the line of a Babushka.

If we women of America want to keep up the reputation we at least think we have, of being the world's best-dressed women, we *must* discard

the Babushka. My little voice will not be heard far perhaps, but I do hope it does make a few women think carefully on the subject. This is not written for a fashion magazine, but as I said at the outset, I firmly believe the beautiful belongs with the good and true, and Babushkas just aren't beautiful.

* * *

In case you do not like to have me talk about Babushkas, how about writing in and telling me what you would like me to write about. It might be interesting and worth trying. I can always run to the encyclopedia if you force me to it.

* * *

And now for our Mail Bag:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to thank you so very much for stopping by to see me at the Swedish Covenant Hospital last week. I am now home but not too adept in using my right arm for writing—only hope you can read this without too much difficulty.

When I approached you to say hello, I had no idea you had stopped by to see me, and believe me, I was flattered that someone as busy as you would take the time!

I have been attending your church since I was 16 years old—only 24 years ago. I'll always remember purchasing your "Power From Right Thinking," for my 'teen-aged girl friend's birthday and inscribing it with some noble words about your being the "Lincoln in my life."

You have always been a great source of inspiration to me through all these years and I have hundreds of times vowed to write and tell you so. And I certainly hope we keep you in your beloved pulpit for many more years to come, as we all need you so very much —it means even more in these years of uncertainty.

I know you will have a wonderful summer abroad, with your terrific schedule, and we at home here will be most anxious for your return.

Thank you again so much, Dr. Bradley, for your visit—it was deeply appreciated.

Best of luck to you always, Sincerely,

Genevieve Jones.

The Duke of Paducah sent Dr. Bradley his Duke's Mixture column copy from which we quote this intering bit:

"Just as I started this column, the Duchess interrupted to present me with our grocery bill for the past month: sort of resembled the national debt, but life still looked roseate until I happened to glance at that ever-interesting column in the Iowa County Democrat and Tribune entitled 'Sixty Years Ago Today,' and came across this item: 'Three large loaves of fine bread for only 10 cents at Hornung's.' Gosh!

And then from the Contributor's Section of the column, a verse by H. Howard Biggar, the Duke's favorite poet:

HOME

It matters but little the house you own,
Whether built of wood, or brick, or stone.
It may be only a cottage fair,
Or the brownstone front of a millionaire;
But a house should be filled from cellar to dome,
With that love and that faith
That makes it home.

* * *

Had a very sweet note from The Duke, who is under doctor's orders to refrain from all effort because of a bad "ticker." Perhaps he would appreciate a note from some of our readers. Just write Guy Walker, 404 N. Chicago Ave., Rockford, Illinois.

Life Is a Gift

Life is a gift to be used every day;
Not to be smothered and hidden away;
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best;
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then
And promptly put back in a dark place again.

Life is a gift that the humblest may boast of,
And one that the humblest may well make the most of.
So get out and live it each hour of the day;
Wear it and use it as much as you may;
Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves—
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

—Ethel Wells Smalley
By Courtesy Tuscola Review

* * *

As we read the Mail Bag letters, many of them give us a vivid picture of some of our listeners. Often, as I sit in church listening to the opening part of the service, I try to visualize our radio audience; some perhaps not yet having arisen, have turned to the service; others may be relaxed on a davenport in the living room, or comfortably seated in a lounge chair, listening. Then there are those in hospitals, trying to forget themselves as they listen; some unfortunate ones in jail; some at their dining room tables; perhaps a mother preparing the dinner in her kitchen; while others may be at a drugstore counter or in a high class restaurant, listening in—an infinite variety of interested listeners. I think you will enjoy this little note from an elderly couple:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am Mr. Behrentz, writing this. I am 88 years old, my wife is 77. We have not been able to come to your church for a long time. My wife has lost the sight of one eye, has had three operations and recently had an ankle trouble, so she has had to wear a strong bandage that has to be changed by the doctor every week, and that has caused an extra expense.

We do so enjoy your Sunday services, as we sit in our pleasant little room. We hope to be able some Sunday to come to your church, but will send a contribution as often as we can, because we like to do so.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Behrentz.

* * *

The Protestant Child Haven Association sent the following letter to the Peoples Church:

Dear Friends:

We would like to express our sincere thanks for your thoughtful contribution of candy received by us this past weekend.

It is a wonderful thing for these children to know that they have such kind friends interested in their happiness and welfare and we are most grateful for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ruby C. Planthaber, Exec. Dir.

* * *

MONEY TALKS

I am twenty-five cents;
I'm not on speaking terms with the Baker;
I'm too small to buy a quart of ice cream;
I'm not large enough to buy a box of candy;
I'm too small to buy a ticket to a movie;
I'm hardly fit for a tip, any more;
But believe me, when I go to Church on Sunday,
I'm considered—Some Money.

Eddie McKean
From House Organ of Kable Printing Co.

* * *

We find in our Mail Bag a letter from a lady in Los Angeles, to which she has attached a clipping from "Better Homes and Gardens" Magazine. The page is headed "Religion," and under this heading is another, "Radio Preacher." There is a two-column arti-

cle about Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church. The article is correct in its information and is interestingly written. There is no date included with the clipping, but it was evidently published not too long ago. The writer of the letter accompanying the clipping says:

Dear Sir:

Thought you would be interested in reading this article I cut out of "Better Homes and Gardens" Magazine. It is very interesting to me when I think of attending your services each Sunday eve. I was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, but attended your services in the evening and am always happy to read an article about your church.

There are many good churches out here but I always was happy to visit your church Sunday evening. I never missed Sunday evening.

I thought I would send the article to you to read; so you see your church is known far and wide. It's strange I find so many articles about your church, which I always read, so far from Chicago.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Carrie Runk

* * *

Mr. C. E. Beard, of the National Tea Company, sent to Dr. Bradley recently, a couple of letters from his files in connection with the Izaak Walton League of America. One of the letters was written to him by Mr. Will H. Dilg, then President of the League, dated April 29th, 1922. In that letter Mr. Dilg writes of a talk given by Mr. Emerson Hough. After quoting from Mr. Hough's address, Mr. Dilg said: "He painted a beautiful picture of the future of this national crusade, and I need not tell you that every word he uttered was sweet music to my ears. Dr. Preston Bradley made a wonderful oration on the League and the great unharnessed outdoors. He held his audience spellbound, and when he finished, every man and woman was on their feet, applauding and cheering. I wish we had a dozen more Preston Bradley's, because he certainly is a magical force for this great cause."

I thought our readers would be interested in this comment made 33 years ago.

* * *

An interested listener sent this lovely little poem. We do not know the author:

THERE IS NO GOD?

Never once since the world began
Has the sun ever stopped its shining.
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at his inconstancy;
But the clouds were really to blame, not he;
For behind them, he was shining.
And so, behind life's darkest clouds,
God's love is always shining.
We veil it at times with our faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our foolish tears,
But in time the atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.

* * *

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

SEEKING HAPPINESS

WE ARE all familiar with the costume of a character in a play when he takes the part of a fool; usually a long coat, black tights, oversized shoes, and some modification of a dunce cap on his head, and generally carrying some sort of a musical instrument. I am sure you know the character I mean. Well, I found this story the other day about a fool:

He sat in gayest raiment on a boulder beside a crossroads, singing merrily to himself, as he fashioned a flute from a piece of reed. A traveler

walking swiftly, though laden with a heavy sack upon his shoulders, paused and gazed perplexedly at several ways which lay before him. "What are you seeking, brother?" called the fool to the hurrying traveler. "Thou art no brother of mine, Fool. I am looking for the Road to Happiness." "Oh, but you are on the wrong road." "Is that so! Well, you may be a fool, but show me the right road and I will make it worth your while," and the traveler clanked his heavy bag of gold. "But you have already taken the wrong road." "Curse you, that is what you said before, and yet I have not moved a step. Enough of your insolence!" "Brother, you are getting further off the road," warned the Fool, earnestly. "Cease your gibbering nonsense, Fool, and put me on the right road. I will pay you well." "Alas, your gold is not enough." "Not enough? Mooncalf, this bag contains a king's ransom! I have paid well as I came." "Have you, though?

"What do you know of the treasures that lie in great books, of the jewels of color and form in fine pictures, of the magical enchantment wrought by exquisite music? Do you know the life stories of the flowers, the trees, the birds? Have you sought God's diamonds in the boundless heavens? Have you contemplated with awe the power of the infinitesimal atom? Have you been curious concerning men's adventures in science, philosophy, and the management of states? Have you sipped the dainty sweets that lie like drops of honey in the poesy of the world? Have you possessed the love of little children and fine old men? Ah, my brother, leave your gold here. The little folks will put it to good use; they will make wheels of it for their chariots. Fill your bag with the true riches of the world. At the first turn you will find the road itself beckoning to you." "Silly Fool, stand aside! I am on my way to seek Happiness," roared the Traveler, hurrying onward. And we are told the Fool went back to whittling on his flute.

In this little bit of fancy there is to be found something of great value to us all, I am thinking, as we journey along seeking for that elusive quality of life which we call happiness—a quality that never is achieved by deliberate effort, when happiness is the only objective. Happiness is always a by-product. It is always a result. The person who says, I am going to start out and seek happiness is the person who never finds it, but the person who tries all along the way to be the bearer of good will and good tidings and good cheer will never fail to find it. The happiest people I know are the people who have never thought about happiness; have never sought for it or worked for it. When we try to create happiness for others we ought not to forget that some of the finest gifts we can make are not those represented by money or by things, but by the little attitudes and the little thoughtful remembrances which sometimes can be expressed on a post card or spoken in two minutes over a telephone or written in a letter. Each one of us might be the medium through which the spirit of love could be projected in a thousand ways that perhaps we never think of at all.

Suppose each of us would get up in the morning saying, "Now this day I am not going to hurry, or rush or be worried. I am not going to be irritated; I am not going to permit little annoyances to upset my day. I am going to have a kindly attitude toward everyone I meet. I am just going to discipline myself throughout the day, so that when evening comes I shall not be a nervous wreck." I wish I could convince you how possible this is. I wish I could make you see how it would con-

tribute to your real joy. It makes all the difference in the world, the spirit with which people enter into the things they do. It is true in big affairs and in little ones.

How much more would be accomplished at some of the meetings that are being held by foreign ministers today, if every other objective were subordinated to the final objective of attempting to create a world in which the human personality will have uninterrupted opportunity for development and for expression. But other things and other backgrounds always creep in. They have a tendency to defeat the main current, the main objective, and this is always disastrous. It is true of all investigations and conferences and trials, and sometimes I think much could be accomplished if there were an investigation of all investigations. The moment we are deflected from the main motive and the great purpose by inconsequential details, that moment trouble begins. The energy which is wasted and the time which is spent in the by-paths and away from the main road would put us all further along the main road than most of us ever get. The tyranny which we permit little and inconsequential things to have over us is one of our most destructive influences. People who are doing things and achieving things with life are the people who never take their eyes off the main objective and the ultimate purpose. Many an entire day is ruined because we permit some little triviality to shape the whole day's record. Sometimes in a crisis we have a glimpse of how fine we all could be, and the important thing now is to live up to what we know is our best self.

OPENING SERVICE

It was a beautiful summer day on our Opening Sunday of Church. Hundreds of people took advantage of the fine weather and filled the auditorium to overflowing.

The church looked very beautiful, with huge bouquets of white gladioli on the pulpit. These were gifts of a friend in fond memory of one who had passed on during the summer—Mrs. Julia Huckins, one of our oldest members, from the Pantheon Theatre days, and much loved by all who knew her.

The music was very lovely, furnished by the Peoples Church Chorus Choir and Soloists under the direction of our new Director of Music, Mr. Frank L. Bennett, with Mrs. Cathryn Bennett at the organ. Many radio listeners and members present remarked on the fine quality of the music.

Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, who for many years had served as Musical Director and Organist has found it necessary to remain in California. It is with deep regret that we lose the splendid services of Prof. Wetzel, who had won a high place in the hearts of the members of the Peoples Church. We wish for him many more years of service in his profession.

To walk into the pulpit and look into the faces of a great congregation such as greeted Dr. Bradley on the opening Sunday is always a great inspiration and challenge to him. The sermon which he gave on his opening subject, "When the Fog Lifts," showed the inspiration he received from the great welcoming audience of loyal friends and members of the Church. It was a beautiful opening service. A long line of friends waited to greet Dr. Bradley after the service was over, and one felt the year had opened auspiciously for a great season of 1955-56.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education
(Opens the third Sunday in September.....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD. (Daylight Savings has been extended through the last Sunday in October).....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (From the first Sunday in November until Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in January until March 28).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Rummage Sale, Tuesday, Oct. 4, Anderson Hall. Bring contributions to Church Office or 'phone LOngbeach 1-6878 and goods will be called for.

Wednesday, Oct. 19, Benefit Concert to help under-privileged students. Men's Glee Club of the Pure Oil Company will give a concert at 8 p.m. in the Peoples Church. The concert is being sponsored jointly by the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church and the Literary Club of Chicago. All organizations of the church are helping sell tickets for this project. Tickets $1.00. Four door prizes.

Men's Club, Tuesday, Oct. 25th, 8 p.m., Anderson Hall, Joseph Lohman, Sheriff of Cook County, "Crime and Law Enforcement in Cook County." Also film "Vandalism" will be shown prior to the talk.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, Oct. 11, 8 p.m., in Anderson Hall. Vivian Rankin, of Illinois Dept. of Conservation will show her beautiful series of sound movies of our many State Parks and the lovely sights therein.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
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